

THE STORY OF BROTHER LUCAS

By ELLIOT WALKER

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Never shall I forget my husband's facial contortions when he read that telegram. Wilton has an expressive countenance.

"Threatened with assassination?" I asked.

"Worse!" he grunted. "Brother Lucas!"

I had heard of but had never seen this family black sheep. He received no invitation to our wedding; that I remember.

"Not coming here?" I gasped.

"Read it," said Wilton, sinking back helplessly.

Reaching for the dispatch, I presently glanced at his pithy and poetic message:

"Be with you, dear Wilton, to-night. There is more joy, etc. Brother."

It struck me humorously. I laugh easily.

"He might have paid the charges," I complained, biting my lip. "We had very little money."

"He never pays anything," groaned Wilton. "Except visits," was his mournful addition.

"It is five years since he has pestered me," he went on. "The last I learned, he wrote to mother from some place in New Mexico. We fondly hoped he would stay there—even mother. Dear me! Angeline, this is dreadful."

"Is he so very objectionable?"

"My dear, he's awful."

I stopped smiling.

"But, after all," Wilton's refined, critical face softened, "one can't help liking Lucas. He's funny. Too bad. Too bad! So much ability, and a really fine education. Well, the western express will land him here about seven o'clock, I suppose. We will wait supper. He used to be fond of scrambled eggs. His appetite is enormous."

I sighed. Eggs were high, and my father's bill a growing nightmare.

At five minutes after seven Brother Lucas arrived. Had he owned the



Wilton Picked It Up.

house he could not have marched in with more exposure. I stood in the hall behind my husband, listening to the words of reunion.

"Wilt, old boy! Give me both hands." I never heard a heartier, more affectionate voice.

"Confound you, Lucas! You make me glad to get you back!"

"Can't help it, Wilt. I had to come. Five years, you know. Where's my dear little sister. Oh! I heard. Ah!"

This last exclamation was to me as I stepped forward.

Brother Lucas was the biggest, broadest, heartiest, rosiest man you can imagine, and not at all evil looking. His high arched eyebrows over the shrewd, hazel eyes, gave him a look of constant surprise; his clean-shaven lips possessed a comical twist, his chin was round and belligerently prominent. It was a face of humor and good-natured defiance. He might be had as the world reckons; careless, reckless, but never mean. I trusted him at sight and liked him.

The appetite of Lucas made me tremble, although I did not begrudge him a mouthful. He was very merry, and talked like a lecturer. His easy confidence, his manners, his wonderful command of language, impressed me deeply. Could this man have been a criminal, a jail bird? I would not believe it.

Shortly after eight came the trunk of Brother Lucas, a hard looking affair with a rope about it.

"Pay the expressman, Wilt," said my brother-in-law jovially. "I'll make it right by and by."

Poor Wilton! It was only a quarter, but he produced the coin with a wry face. Evidently our guest hadn't a penny.

Lucas retired early. He was singing "Angeline" to the baby at six in the morning. His delightful baritone sent me to sleep again with "Kathleen Mavourneen." While dressing, I heard conversation in the road.

Ramsgate had arrived. The social Lucas was holding forth beside his wagon. I hurried and went down. In stalked the farmer, all smiles.

"How many eggs can you spare?" I put the question nervously.

"All you want, I reckon." "Three dozen?" "Yes, marm." "I'll try to have some money for 'od next week." Oh! how I hate that phrase!

"Shucks! Take your time. No hurry, marm. I'm not needin' it and you're good for yer orders."

I almost fell down with surprise. Mr. Ramsgate grinned amiably, counting the eggs. Brother Lucas had vanished. He returned for breakfast; Lucas was prompt at meals.

Little did I see of "brother," as we called him for two days. "Strolled about," was his explanation.

On the third day, brother hung about the house, playing with little Angeline and following me around.

"What do you want, brother?" I asked at last, a trifle irritated. We had let our servant go some time before and I was doing it all.

"To talk," said he. "Angeline, I'm going to-night."

"So soon?" It really grieved me. "I'm sorry."

"I know it," he said complacently. We sat on the piazza in the shade of the clematis and talked.

"Wilt doesn't seem well," he began. "He's tired." My lip quivered.

"Ought to take a rest, my dear," glancing at the baby, asleep on his massive arm.

"He can't. It's difficult to make both ends even see each other, Lucas. Life isn't all sunshine."

The man actually grinned. I felt a quick revulsion. Under his kindly exterior was he so utterly heartless?

"Why?" said he, queerly. "I never notice the clouds."

We talked for a long time, but I gained slight knowledge of Lucas; of his life during recent years, his occupation (if he had one). I fear I told him all about my affairs. He extracted confidence as a sponge absorbs water, silently, thoroughly.

Wilton came home at five o'clock, his thin face white and drawn.

"The company has sold out," he groaned. "My position goes to the son of the new vice-president. I know of no opening."

"Cheer up!" said Lucas. "I could have struck him."

"Not surprising," commented he. "Why, I heard of the proposed sale out west, months ago. He that hath ears—"

I have a great pair for gossip. Brace up, Brother Wilton; 'tis a long lane that knows no turning."

I ran up stairs to cry, after my husband had expressed another fear.

"It's the first of the month," he quavered. "Not a bill has come in. Can the tradesmen have heard of this change? Of my disaster? Does it mean those wretched accounts are going to the lawyers for collection? If so—"

"Quite likely," interrupted Brother Lucas; "that's the way they do."

Then it was that I left them. Of all the cold-blooded remarks! I prayed he might go—quickly.

He did, right after (for Wilton and me) an untasted supper. For him it was a hearty meal with his usual chatter. Such absolute indifference to our woe made me begin to hate the man. He was an enigma.

"I'll send after my trunk from the depot," he announced, preparing to go. "Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness." Angeline, good-bye, my dear."

His eyes were misty. Suddenly my anger left me. After all I should miss his big, breezy presence. I kissed him heartily.

He wrung Wilton's hand. Then came the last straw. "Five dollars will see me through, old boy," he said carelessly. "I have a return ticket, but I'll need something for meals."

I admired my husband. "Oh! take ten," he smiled, and actually gave this robber his last ten-dollar bill.

"Thanks!" said Lucas, with a sort of sob, and was gone.

"No mail to-night?" Wilton spoke wearily.

"Nothing but a circular. Brother met the postman. What is that on the card receiver?" My glance naturally turned to the usual receptacle for our letters.

"From the bank," Wilton picked it up. "More trouble, I fear. I can't be overdrawn again!"

His frightened look gave place to a wild glare of astonishment as he gazed at the inclosure.

"Oh! what?" I shrieked.

"Nothing," he answered dully, like one in sleep. "My account has been credited with \$10,000, that's all. Deposited by Lucas Messenger, Esq."

Then he broke down, telling me to leave him.

It was natural, perhaps, that I should go straight to brother's room, to the place he had been, had slept—my heart was hurting.

A note on the pillow caught my eye in a second, weeping blindly as I was.

For me! I caught my breath and read:

"Dear Sister—I had hard work carrying out my little joke. I own a silver mine in N. M., that is panning out the equivalent of that trifle every six weeks. Long may she pan! By the way, I took the liberty of settling with your farmer, butcher, etc. Said that Wilt had sent me, he being busy, as they will never know. Love to the baby. Take a vacation at once. Pardon hasty scrawl.

BROTHER LUCAS.

P. S.—If I come again next summer will you feed me on scrambled eggs?

Will I? Just wait until he comes!

Nervy.

"I wanted some lump sugar," exclaimed the angry customer, as he looked over the packages. "What does that grocer mean by sending me soft sugar?"

"Well," laughed the grocer's boy, as he moved nearer the door, "he said if you didn't like it you could lump it."

GOOD WORK AMONG FILIPINOS.

Women's Club Responsible for Amelioration of Conditions.

The Philippine Women's club, the first of its kind in the Philippines, is struggling to supplement its work of supplying sterilized milk to sickly, ill-fed infants by establishing a small maternity hospital and a training class for maternity nurses. This club was due to a suggestion from Miss Concepcion Felix, who was at the time a student of law and who in the course of her studies became interested in the woman movement in the western countries. This was in the summer of 1905, and Miss Felix's suggestion was so enthusiastically received that a club with a membership of several hundred native women was quickly formed.

Having determined to establish a center for the distribution of pure milk, the club gave a garden party in the palace grounds for the purpose of raising the necessary funds. More than \$2,500 was cleared at this entertainment and the sterilizing apparatus was imported from Paris. A building was contributed by Dr. Doherty and the work begun under the personal supervision of a number of well-known Filipino physicians.

At present the number of children cared for is between 50 and 75. The sterilizing department is said to be a little model of its kind.

SPEED CONTESTS WITH BULLS.

Form of Sport That Is Extremely Popular in Burma.

A form of sport very popular in Burma is bull racing. These contests are largely attended by the natives, who bet considerable sums of money on the result. A native sportsman who owns one of these bulls, values it at \$12,000, and it is said to bring him in an annual income of from \$5,000 to \$7,000.

In Hagenback's famous zoo in Hamburg, Germany, are to be found several specimens of giant tortoises from the Galapagos islands. These monsters weigh several hundred pounds each, and have become quite tame. Frequently the German youngsters utilize them in races. The riders mount upon the backs of their ungainly steeds, and holding before the animal's mouth a head of lettuce attached to a rod, urge them on to greater speed until the end of the course is reached.—Sunday Magazine.

Sneezing as an Art.

"Yesterday," said the pretty girl, "I met a sneezing teacher. I don't mean a teacher who sneezes, but a person who teaches other people how to sneeze. I had always understood that New York attracts instructors in every art known to modern education, but a professor of sneezing struck me as a decided novelty."

"I am going to take a few lessons. The professor argues that he is a very useful member of society. Nobody, he claims, can prevent sneezing, no matter how many formulas and medications may be absorbed. But though a sneeze may not be avoided it may be cultivated, and from a stertorous snort it may be modified into a gentle, melodious trill. For anybody who is likely to startle the neighborhood with frequent sneezes the experiment is well worth while."

Some Birds That Don't Migrate.

"It is a curious thing," said Prof. Henry Bird, an ornithologist of Rye, N. Y., at the Renner, "that birds of European origin do not adopt the migratory habits of our native birds. The English sparrow never seems to get wise to the advantages of going south in winter to avoid the rigors of a northern climate, though he might get the tip from our wild fowl or the robin family. Of late years we have had in Westchester county the starling, also an English importation, and I notice that this newcomer follows out the exact ways of his predecessor, the sparrow, in that he stays constantly in one place, regardless of the seasons."—Baltimore American.

Insects with X-Ray Sights.

A German scientist has discovered that many insects, such as moths and butterflies, have X-ray sight. This means that the eyes of these insects can see with something similar to X-rays objects invisible to human eyes unless aided by a fluorescent. If ordinary sunlight has enough of the X-rays in it for the butterflies to see clearly, the world must be a strange sight to them. This scientist believes that they can see through the clothes and flesh of human beings and behold us walking about in our skeletons clad in a translucent covering of flesh.

A Flat Child.

"I was a flat child," he said. "I was born and brought up in a New York flat. I have never known what it is to live anywhere else."

She looked him over. He was six feet two in his stocking feet and broad in proportion. He not only filled the chair he sat in, but he seemed in his great health and strength and bigness to fill the flat.

"You are not like those little flat dogs, are you?" she said. "Those little long dogs that are born under a chifforier to fit a flat, those Dachshunds?"

His Game.

When he had stepped on her feet for about the sixth time she stopped dancing.

"I will sit down now," she said quietly. "I see that you prefer foot-ball."

PENITENTIARY BIDS.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, May 5, 1909. Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Penitentiary Commissioners at the office of the superintendent, until 10 o'clock a. m., June 1, 1909, for furnishing and delivering at the New Mexico Penitentiary, the supplies hereinafter mentioned, or so much thereof as the board may deem sufficient. Payment for said supplies to be made in cash. Delivery of all supplies except perishable articles must be directed by the superintendent.

Samples will be required of all articles marked with an asterisk number, and all samples must be labelled, showing name of bidder, and name and full description of article. Samples must be delivered at the office of the superintendent, not later than 9 o'clock a. m. on said day. All bids to be made strictly in accordance with the conditions on blank proposals, which will be furnished by the superintendent on application. No bids otherwise made, will be entertained. A bond will be required from all successful bidders, for the faithful fulfillment of contracts, within ten days of award, and a certified check of 10 per cent of the amount of bid will be required to be furnished with bid.

Groceries, Meats, Etc.

40,000 lbs Fresh beef, prime quality, necks and shanks excluded. Beef to be furnished at such times and quantities as the board may direct.

2,500 lbs Bologna sausage

2,000 lbs Pork sausage, in bulk

300 lbs Breakfast bacon

3,000 lbs Dry salt bacon

3,000 lbs Lard compound, 50s

500 lbs Oleomargarine

500 lbs American cream cheese

*2,000 lbs Navy beans

300 lbs K. C. baking powder in 5 lb cans

*10,000 lbs Imperial high grade flour, or equal grade

*40,000 lbs Diamond "M" flour, or equal grade

100 lbs Black pepper, in bulk

1,500 lbs Rice

2,000 lbs Table salt in 25 lb sacks

6,000 lbs Granulated sugar, state whether cane or beet

100 lbs Pulverized sugar

1,500 lbs Macaroni, in bulk

500 lbs Raisins, good grade

150 lbs Red chili, ground

24 cases Sunburst corn, sugar corn

60 cases Colton tomatoes

300 gals Syrup, in 2 gallon jackets—name kind

30 butts Star chewing tobacco

800 lbs Dukes Mixtures smoking tobacco, in 2 oz sacks

12 doz House brooms

4 doz Scrubbing brushes

1,500 lbs Dried prunes, 80-90s

1,500 lbs Dried apples

1,500 lbs Dried peaches

1,000 lbs Oat Flake, in bulk

2,000 lbs Hominy, in bulk

500 lbs Corn meal, in 25 lb sacks

2,500 lbs Roasted coffee

250 lbs Crackers, in bulk

250 lbs Crackers, in 1 lb pkgs

6,000 lbs Mexican beans

4 cases Hops, in 14 lb pkgs

18 cases Yeast Foam, in 14 lb pkgs

4 cases Salmon

200 lbs Dried currants

40 lbs Green tea

Feed and Hay.

10 tons Alfalfa

60 tons Hay

40,000 lbs Oats

4,000 lbs Bran

50,000 lbs Corn

10 tons Straw

Coal.

7,000 tons Mine Run, free from slate or other foreign substance, contract to run from June 1st, 1909, to May 31st, 1910

7,000 tons Lump Coal, free from slate or other foreign substance, contract to run from June 1st, 1909, to May 31st, 1910

Clothing, Etc.

12 bolts Towelling

6 bolts Heavy drilling

15 bolts Cotton flannel

100 yds Cadet Blue (Uniform Cloth) sample from superintendent on application

300 yds Cadet Gray (Uniform Cloth) sample from superintendent on application

15 bolts Shirting, Hamilton Stripes

25 bolts Red-ticking, extra heavy

12 bolts Standard drill

1 bolt Hair Cloth

2 bolts Stripes (Uniform Cloth) sample from superintendent on application

6 gross White cotton thread No. 30

6 gross Black cotton thread No. 30

3 gross White cotton thread No. 24

3 gross Black cotton thread No. 24

3 gross White cotton thread No. 12

3 gross Black cotton thread No. 12

100 doz Turkey red handkerchiefs

6 doz Tailor's thimbles, assorted sizes

12 gross Front pant buttons.

24 gross Suspender buttons

1 box Draftsman's lead, black

Hardware.

2 kegs No. 2 Horse shoes

2 kegs No. 3 Horse shoes

2 kegs No. 5 Horse shoes

2 kegs No. 6 Horse shoes

2 kegs No. 2 Mule shoes

25 lbs No. 7 Nails (New Standard)

25 lbs No. 6 Nails (New Standard)

25 lbs No. 3 Toe calks

25 lbs No. 2 Toe calks

25 lbs No. 4 Toe calks

10 lbs 3-16 inch Nuts threaded

2 kegs Wire nails, 10d

2 kegs Wire nails, 8d

2 kegs Wire nails, 20d

The board of New Mexico Penitentiary Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

In submitting bids for the above supplies, bidders should write plainly on envelope the following: "Bids for supplies for the New Mexico Penitentiary" with the name of bidder—to avoid opening of bids by mistake.

Samples may be sent separately, plainly marked and numbered, to the superintendent.

All supplies will be furnished in such quantities and at such times as the superintendent may direct.

By order of the board of penitentiary commissioners.

(Signed) JOHN W. GREEN, Superintendent.

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